

1 Verse

1 **G** **C**

1. Let me tell you of the sto - ry 'bout a man named Char - lie on a
2. Char - lie hand - ed in his dime at the Kendall Square Sta - tion and he
3. Now all night long Char - lie rides through the sta - tions cry - ing,
4. Char - lie's wife goes down to the Scolly Square Sta - tion ev - 'ry
5. Now you citi - zens of Bos - ton, don't you think It's a scan - dal that the

3 **G** **D7** **G**

trag - ic and fate - ful day. He put ten cents in his poc - ket, kissed his
changed for Ja - mai - ca Plain. When he got there the con - duc - tor told him,
"What will be - come of me? How can I af - ford to see my
day at a quarter past two. And through the o - pen win - dow she hands
people have to pay and pay? Fight the fare in - crease. Vote for

6 **C** **D7** **G**

wife and fam' - ly, went to ride on the M. T. A. Well did he
"One more nic - kel." Char - lie could - n't get off the train.
sis - ter in Chel - sea or my cou - sin in Rox - bur - y?"
Char - lie a sand - wich as the train comes rum - bling through.
Walter O' - Bri - en and get Char - lie off the M. T. A.

2 Chorus

9 **G** **C** **G**

ev - er re - turn?_ No he nev - er re - turned, and his fate is still_ un -

12 **D7** **G** **C**

learned. He may ride for - ev - er 'neath the streets of Bos - ton, he's the

15 **D7** **G** (repeat) **G** (last time)

man who nev - er re - turned. 2. Char - lie turned -
3. Now
4. Char - lie's
5. Now you